

Lights and Shadows

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THE
ART
OF
THE
FUTURE



AL 112
1974

"Self Portrait #1"

Over-all SECOND PRIZE



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University of North Alabama
FLORENCE, ALABAMA

Donald Tipper

161662

Alabama State College, Florence. Dept. of English

"Sensual Witch"

2 cyp

Lights and Shadows

This magazine is composed of entries in the 1974 literary and art contests of the English Club and the Association of Art Students. Literature and art are mirrors of one's culture. Herein are the reflections of students and their views on life, the lights and the shadows.

—The Editors

Front Cover
"Inescapable"

Over-all COVER PRIZE

Mary Nicely

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Joanna Watkins

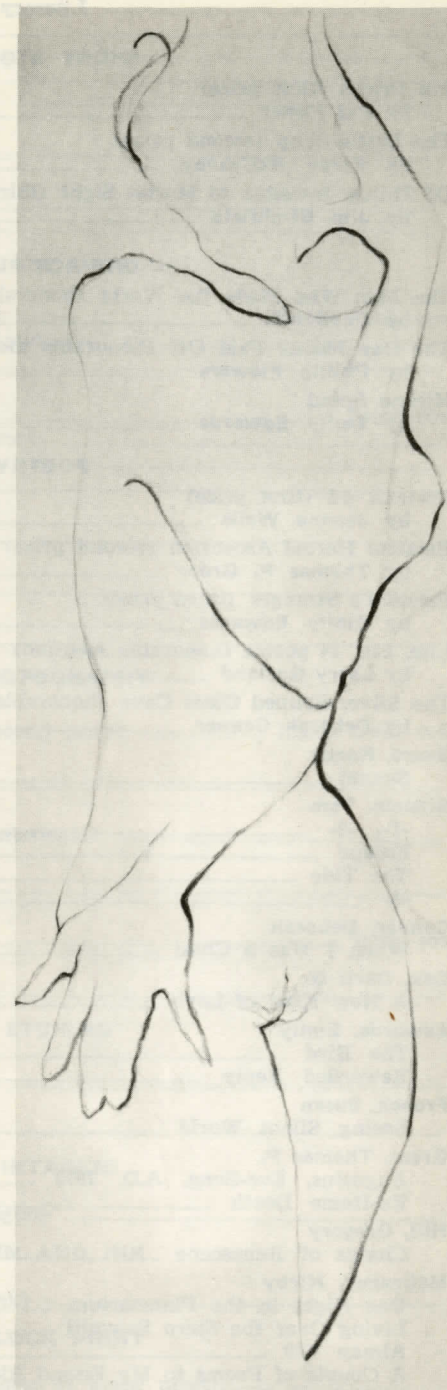


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Joanna Watkins

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Donald Tipper

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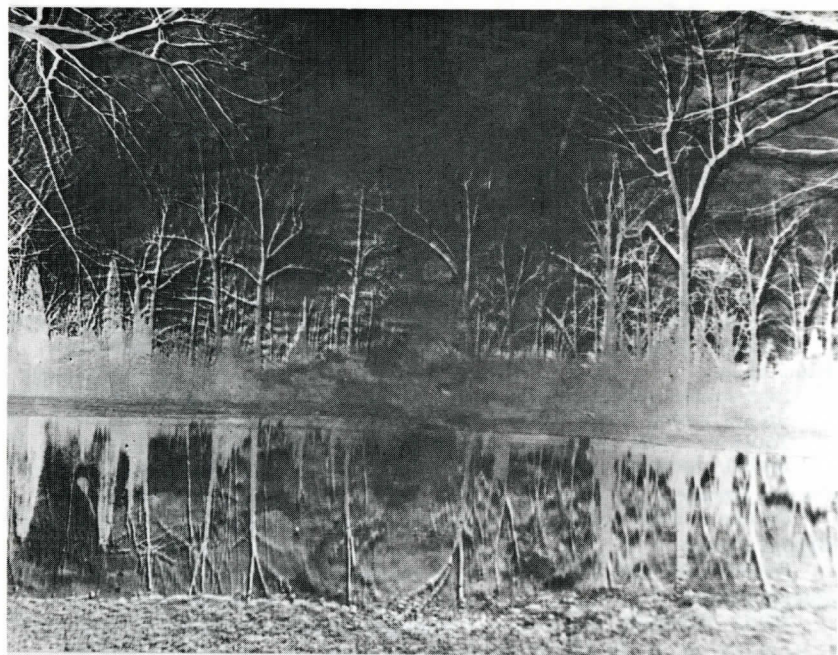
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Gerald Pool

First Prize: Short Story

PIN PRICKS

by Pat Fisher

"I tell you, I went all through the house this afternoon when I picked your mother up, and she has not accomplished a single thing that I could see." (John's voice sounds strained. It has always been hard for him to squeal on anyone; and, also, he seems worried about me.)

"But what on earth has she been doing over there for two whole days?" (That is Kathy, our no-nonsense daughter.)

"I don't think Mama should have undertaken this so soon after Gramma's death. She is just not up to it." (Josie always makes allowances for emotion - usually for the wrong reasons, however.)

"It was your mother's decision to sell the old home place and its contents. I think it was a good decision; but whatever has gotten Kate off the track, you girls must pitch in and get

things ready, or we shall all look pretty silly Saturday morning. Incidentally, I think she is in the den, so we had better keep our voices down or she may hear us." (Okay, so I'm eavesdropping.)

John was right - I had been two days at the job with no sign of progress. The auctioneer had left suggestions for grouping the thousands of odd items collected by my parents in the fifty-nine years of their marriage. Dad had been gone almost two years and now Mom.... But it wasn't grief that had rendered me incapable of productive action, it was memory. It was memory that changed each object I touched into an "Ancient Mariner" and me into a captive "Wedding Guest".

I had started packing books. That portion of the family library which I wanted to keep had already been transferred to my own home, so I had only to grasp each book by its spine and fan the pages to make sure that nothing of value had been tucked inside and forgotten. Halfway through the first carton a yellowed newspaper clipping fluttered from a faded copy of **THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE SEASHORE**. It read:

Little Miss Mary Katherine Matthews was honored with a party celebrating her tenth birthday on June 7, 1933. Enjoying games and refreshments on the lawn were the following guests: - - -

Strangely enough, I was able to put a face with every name that followed and with two more that did not. Jane had been invited but in that depression year even the usual ten-cent gift was too much for her mother, a widow with four daughters. She came over the day before the party and put it to me straight ...

"Will you be mad if I don't come to your party?" she asked.

I was shocked. I had never realized that an invitation offered a choice. At my house, if you were invited, you went.

"If I spend my dime for your present," she went on, "I can't go to the picture show Saturday. I wouldn't mind so much except for the serial. I sure do hate to miss that serial."

I could have cried. I never dreamed that anyone could think enough of me to give up that Saturday western, and the very idea of missing an episode of the current adventure serial was too sad to contemplate.

"I'll save you a piece of cake," I promised. "I'll bring it to the show Saturday."

The other name missing from the guest list was that of my best friend, George. George's mother was **divorced** and, according to my mother (I never noticed it myself), he always smelled of onions. Either circumstance was enough to bar him from most guest lists, but we loved one another easily and completely.

I think my mother was suspicious of our closeness, and I wished that I had told her that George was not the one who was always after me to play "doctor". Of course, that would not have put George in her good graces and would most certainly have deleted another name from the list....

So went the first day of trying to organize the contents of the house in which I grew up. I resolved to do better the next.... Perhaps a bedroom would have fewer distractions.

I surveyed my parents' room, planning in my mind where best to begin. I lit a cigarette and emptied the contents of the ashtray into my hand. It held one bobbypin, a buckeye, a match cover with green thread wound around it, and seventeen safety pins. I emptied the top drawer of the chest onto the bed and the first things that caught by eye were three rings of pins, one paper of pins, and a handful of loose ones. This reminded me of a box of pins I found yesterday behind some books and the pickle jar on the pantry shelf full of pins that I half saw when I was looking for some cord. I got up from the bed and looked in all the drawers. I looked in the closet and in the rooms across the hall. I went downstairs and checked the kitchen cabinets. The more I looked, the stranger it became. The house contained a million safety pins! Then I remembered... It was during World War II and elastic was one of the first casualties. By Christmas of the second year the only thing holding up Dad's undershorts was his hand because he could never find a pin. He complained loud and long; and as the holiday neared he told everyone that the only thing he wanted for Christmas was some safety pins. He told his family, his friends, his neighbors, his customers, his employees; and they all responded. Christmas morning Dad unwrapped a package of pins from virtually every man, woman, and child in town - - several packages even came from overseas.

I had never given a thought to what had happened to all those pins! What **do** you do with a house full of pins? If Mom and Dad could not come up with an answer in thirty years, what would I do with them? Most of the day I spent collecting them into a plastic garbage bag. I barely had time to bury them in the flower bed behind the garage and put away the tools before I heard the car door slam when John came to pick me up.

Well, I got rid of the safety pins, but I did not dispose of my memories. My family is right - I'll never get this job done. I still hear them in the next room discussing ways to take over without hurting my feelings. Perhaps I can help...

"Oh, I am so glad you girls are here - I want to ask a big favor of you." (The three of them are staring, and I won't give them time to say anything.) "I was hoping you would have time to get things ready for the sale so that I could ask your father to take me to the mountains this weekend."

"Why, Mama, I would love to, you know how I enjoy such projects." (It's true. Kathy, the organizer, rides again.)

"Oh, me too, Mama, you owe it to yourself to get out of that stuffy old house..." (Poor Josie, she is afraid of saying the wrong thing and usually does.)

(John raises an eyebrow. He never buys the whole package, but I can always count on him to go along.)

"The Song"

Best Etching



Emily Edwards

"Reincarnation"

Best of Abstract Charcoal

Honorable Mention: Poetry

LIFE, LTD.

by Larry Garland

REFLECTION IN THE FIRES

Have you never seen reflections in the fire?

Well they come to those who most desire

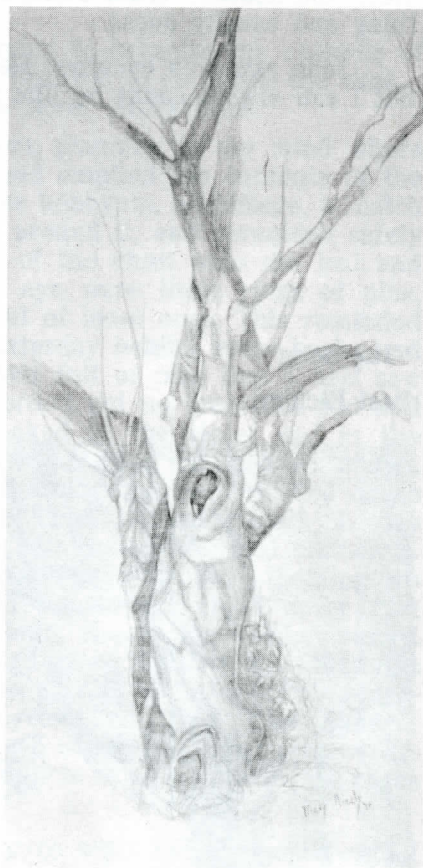
To know the true fury that life is.

BOUNTY

There is such plenitude to life
That man needs scores of
languages

Just to portray the minute
portion

He perceives of it.



Mary Nicely

Second Prize: Short Story

THE BOTTLE SHOP

by Kirby McCraney

Ricon was ambling slowly down the wide street of the busy city. His hands were in his pockets as he strolled along in a sea of people surging along in every direction. He stopped at the corner and looked in every shop he could see from where he was standing: tall buildings made from marble and new metals and materials which made them shine in the sunlight. They were

tall buildings, and to see the tops you had to lean back and look into the sky over your head.

He looked all about him and did not find what he was looking for, an old junk shop with a lot of old bottles in the window. Three nights before he had gone to a party and a boy he had never met before had told him about the place. Ricon told him that he knew most of the shops in the city and had never heard of the one the young man was talking about. "It hasn't been there too long. Just opened up."

"Well, where it it?" Ricon had asked.

"I ain't exactly sure, but you can tell when you have found it because the bottles in the window are very strange. Look for a gold scorpion, too." And then the boy had disappeared.

So here Ricon was, looking for a place that probably did not exist. The guy had probably been stoned and made the whole thing up. But just the possibility of finding some rare old bottle for his collection was enough to keep him hunting for a long time. As it was, he had been searching for six days now. He had looked all over the central city without finding anything. He had asked shopowners and policemen, but none of them had heard of a shop with a window full of old bottles.

He did not know where to look anymore. He was tired from walking all day and took off walking in the direction of his apartment.

There was a statue standing in the center of a small plaza close to where he lived. At its base was a water fountain and he stopped to get a drink. He liked it here and sat down before he went on. His place was just a few blocks away. It was quiet here away from the noise of the city. The statue was big enough that it shaded him from the midday sun.

He rather liked the statue, a bronze figure of St. Raymond, protector of quail, standing with an arm extended to hold a tiny quail in the palm of his hand. The figure of the quail had long since disappeared.

It was then that he heard a jingling noise coming from the other side of the statue. Ricon thought it might be a couple of children playing. But when he walked around the statue to see what they were doing there were no children there. Only an old beggar shaking the few coins he had in a tin cup. He was wearing an old baseball cap and a gray coat which was much too large for him. It was the color of oatmeal and looked as if it came from the Salvation Army. The man had a slight smile on his wrinkled face and did not seem in much of a hurry to collect money. Ricon did not see how he could get any money in this part of town anyway. There was no one around.

The man acknowledged Ricon's presence with a slight bow and silent grin.

Ricon nodded.

The beggar shuffled over the cobblestones to the spot where he was standing and offered him some cards with finger arrangements for talking to deaf people. Ricon knew how to talk with his hands and said, silently, with his hands and fingers, "Hello. Good day to you."

The man's face broke out in a wide toothless grin and he quickly put the cards and the tin cup in the large pockets of the coat. "Hello to you also," said the bent figure.

"Would you possibly know of a place where there is a shop with its windows full of bottles?"

Again the silent hands fluttered. "Perhaps not far from here," came the reply.

Ricon knew this area pretty well and did not know of any shops close by. "Could you show me?" he motioned. "If it is the right place, I will pay you."

The little man smiled and assured him that payment would not be necessary. Then he did a strange thing. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his tin cup and handed one of the coins to Ricon, then quickly turned and hurried off, as if he was bending his head into the wind.

Ricon did not understand and looked at the coin. What he saw made his hair stand on end. On one side of the coin was writing which he could not decipher, and on the other was the raised outline of a gold scorpion. He looked up quickly, just in time to see the dragging coattails of the beggar scurrying around the corner.

Ricon took off after the man, who was traveling along at a pace he would not have thought possible. Once or twice the old bum looked back but did not stop. Then, suddenly, Ricon saw him disappear into one of the deserted buildings in a line of old derelict buildings. When he got to the spot where the man had disappeared he had to stop to catch his breath. And there in front of him was a huge window full of old and colorful bottles.

He almost did not go inside. What was happening to him was beginning to scare him. He looked up and down the street and saw that there was no one in sight. And then, in spite of his fear, he went into the building.

There was not much there when he closed the glass door and looked around. Just one room, the size of a small shop, with a wooden floor. Except for two chairs there was nothing here. Toward the back of the room he saw a closed door and knew the old man had disappeared behind it.

And then he gave his attention to the bottles. Some of them had strange shapes like he had never seen before. They were all delicately made. When he picked up one of them it felt as if its weight was only a few ounces. He did not know a bottle could weigh so little. And then he noticed a strange thing. The sun came out and very slowly the bottles began to change color. A few of them seemed to fill up with smoke, also changed color. He had never seen anything like it.

And then a voice behind him said, "They are very strange to you, aren't they?"

Ricon jerked around. He saw the same boy standing there that he had met at the party several nights before.

"What are you doing here?" asked Ricon.

The boy ignored the question and smirked. "We thought you would never find this place. Finally took a chance and sent Mazz out to try and find you."

"What the hell am I doing here?"

"You came of your own accord. No one forced you to come."

"It is very evident someone wanted me here."

"Yes. They are in the back." The boy saw his consternation and quickly added, "You don't have to stay if you don't want to. You can leave if you please, but I can tell you now that you are perfectly safe. We just want to talk to you."

"About what?"

"About going on an adventure." Then he walked toward the back of the room and, for some reason, Ricon looked at the bottles once again, and then followed the boy as he strode toward the door.

PRISMATIC IMPRESSIONS

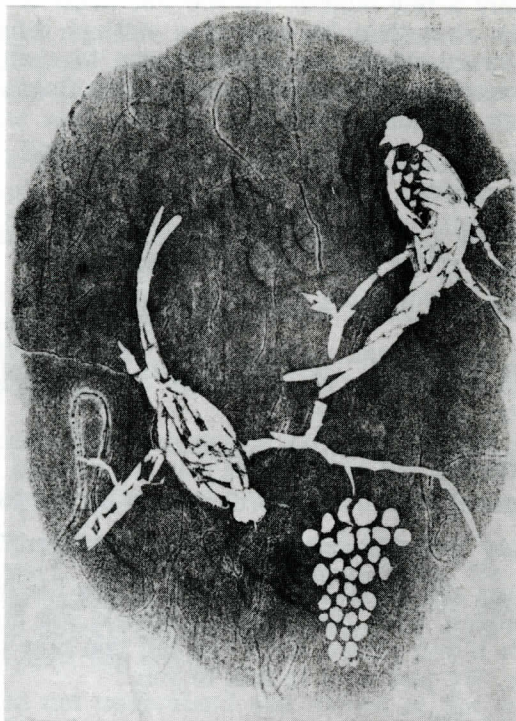
Life is a color coded rainbow.
It has the proud dignity of black,
The quiet purity of white,
And the deep serenity of blue.

But life also has the sadness of blue,
The blandness of white,
And the decadence of black.
These—and more make up the rainbow I call life.

—Larry Garland

"Scissor-Tailed Fly-Catcher"

Best Block Print



Ginny Hodgins

First Prize: Poetry

PORTRAIT #1

by Jeanne Wells

The pale '61 chugs onto the gravel road
Crunching and grinding rough pellets to a cloud of dust.
The gears miss — and for that split
Second, entangled by gasps, chokes, and sputters,
The partner of man hangs
Between the corner behind and the asphalt ahead
Between where he was and where he'll be.

The door squeaks and creaks in announcement
As left hand shoves the door open and right hand moves
Like a magnet toward the racket, that wooden third arm
That moves with his lithe body in a flow of toned grace.
He glances at the spot where the side-mirror should be.

He inspects the gradual gnaw of rust eating the metal of missing
Chrome while he asks about borrowing my tennis balls.
He comments the car needs a lot of work, but it gets him
From where he's been to where he is,
And, oh, he intends
To have it worked on, repaired, reformed.

But, remember, that's what he said last month
And that creaky door still whines and he still continues to chug
On the brink between finality and motion.
On the edge between reach and grasp.
Between where he was and where he'll be.

Second Prize: Poetry

BARSTOW HERBAL ASCENSION

by Thomas P. Greer

1

San Clemente telephone booth...
backdrop coastal hills verdant green
veiled in rain
—a leaving-town rainy grey roiled up
pacific day...
duffle bag duffed ready for flight on foot
from the city, the curse of angry weather following
away from pacificqueen in the
shadows of santa catalina....

2

Sacred herb passed silently by chicano hand
we headed into the mountains outlined in blue sky
and craggy snowtops....
Barstow, California March mountain cold afternoon
...bearded boy and golden haired girl headed to 'Vegas
adorned the entrance ramp expanse
grey high skies...
the cold creeps in with numbing fingers
tugging at my buttons...
high above rain undergoing metamorphosis
...the hardened lament of the skies falls upon the
freeway and me and the 'Vegas vagabonds
...four hours of fruitless waiting
the cars were few and far between
...i retreat to a warmed haven of Esso
to wait out the icy storm....

Arizona signs pocked by
 flying silicate sands
 by hot desert winds
 coats sealed up against the ragings
 tumbleweeds tumbling seen through the tired
 squinty eyes of the nomad
 arm outstretched beseeching
 importuning thumb-up
 Conditioned air Cadillacs w/airstream trailers trailing
 silica still swirling in stinging clouds of pain
 body bent into the wind surrounded by shifting sands
 canopied by an old ex-california sky drifting across
 Arizona....
 The Tuscon night freeway ablaze headlamps rushing on
 to meet tomorrows Las Cruces dawn...flinging themselves
 headlong east away from the Phoenix afternoon
 —a mustang was my bed for the night
 Crisp Las Cruces dawn New Mexico mountains
 surrounding
 Myriads of colored roadside stones and concrete
 abutments my only morning friends....

A black mister clean from San Diego
 in the desert of El Paso
 behind him 20,000 pounds of carpet goodies
 plying the concrete ribbons
 —heading east to the big D
 Silver and turquoise bands from Mexico
 adorned his black strong arms
 his strength must have come from a thousand freeway blackened
 nights, flat tires, shifting cargo and black truck stop coffee
 ...four meals he gave me as well as a thousand miles and
 intimations of a million more....
 We flowed through Texas sand and Texas heat
 the sun high above us
 mechanical behemoth rumbling beneath us
 —unfolding panoramic view of the road....
 Younger, rejuvenated kerouacs of today
 ...vagabonds standing by the roadsides in the rain
 decorating exit ramps in the cold white snows
 sweltering in desert furnaces of a million gas stoves....

BRIGHT STARS BECKON

Bright stars beckon unto me;
 But if I should follow
 Would not my own light be dimmed?
 —Larry Garland



Mary Nicely

Honorable Mention: Poetry

THE SILVER-STAINED GLASS CAVE

by Deborah Conner

Through the mist I saw a man
 That waited for me.
 I followed him to a stained-glass cave,
 Filled with silver sunlight.
 He wore colors I had never seen: icy blues, mystic blues.
 From his hand crystals fell and exploded into music
 And rose and fell as rain
 Into a silver cup from which we drank.

As we sat near a blue fire, that came from his eyes,
His voice wove a silver tapestry.
In the threads I saw stories
And legends
And moonlight butterflies
And single worlds that contained a world.

His voice wove on and all harps stopped to hear.
From the air there fell a stream that disappeared into the stone.
And from the icy floors I gained new warmth.
His eyes blinded my eyes so I could see.
And my mind rose to the silver sun.

We climbed the starlight staircase into the mountain.
The night was hung with our beautiful words.
We laughed.
We cried.
We smiled.
We saw the darkness die.
We fled the golden light and found his silver cave.

Now I am in the mist alone.
But there always waits,
The silver-stained glass cave.

Honorable Mention: One-Act Play

THE MAN WHO MADE THE WORLD

by Dean Hill

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DR. CUSHMAN, a psychiatrist

THE RECEPTIONIST

MILLER, the man who made the world

(SCENE: Dr. Cushman's office. In it is a rather worn desk, a couple of uncomfortable-looking chairs, and, of course, a couch. Cheap reproductions of classic paintings hang on the wall. There is a window at the opposite end of the room from the desk. Dr. Cushman, wearing a rumpled blue suit, is asleep on the couch.)

INTERCOM ON DESK: Dr. Cushman!

DR. CUSHMAN: (awakening with a start): Whazzat??

INTERCOM: Dr. Cushman!

(Dr. Cushman drags himself off the couch over to his desk, sits down, and pushes the intercom button.)

DR. CUSHMAN (sleepily): Yes?

INTERCOM: It's Mr. . . . Miller, for his two o'clock appointment.

DR. CUSHMAN: (stiffling a yawn): Send him in.

(The receptionist, a comely young thing, opens the door for Miller, who enters. He is dressed in soiled work clothes. The receptionist closes the door behind him.)

DR. CUSHMAN: (rising to shake hands): How do you—

MILLER: Don't botha gettin' up, Doc, I ain't gonna be here too long.

DR. CUSHMAN (sinking back into his chair): Well, have a seat anyway, Mr. . . . ah . . .

MILLER: Miller.

DR. CUSHMAN: Yes, Miller. Tell me, Mr. Miller, why won't you be here very long?

MILLER (sitting down gingerly on the edge of the couch): Cause I ain't crazy, that's why.

DR. CUSHMAN: Well, yes, of course, Mr. Miller, but you don't have to be "crazy" to come see a psychiatrist. You only—

MILLER: It weren't my ideer, anyways.

DR. CUSHMAN: What?

MILLER: It weren't my ideer to come here, ya see, my wife, she tole me to come.

DR. CUSHMAN: Oh, she did? What prompted her to render such advice?

MILLER: Huh?

DR. CUSHMAN: Why did she tell you to come see me?

MILLER: I think it was cause I tole her how I made the world and everthin'.

DR. CUSHMAN: You told her you . . .

MILLER: Made the world. I made the world.

DR. CUSHMAN: You did?

MILLER: Yeah, with the machine.

DR. CUSHMAN: The . . . machine?

MILLER: The world-makin' machine. I got it in my basement at home. It's runnin' right now.

DR. CUSHMAN: (taking a handkerchief from his pocket and mopping his brow): It is?

MILLER: Sure as hell is, and if it was to stop . . . PFFFFT!

DR. CUSHMAN: PFFFFT?

MILLER: PFFFFT! The world runs down and stops.

DR. CUSHMAN: Oh. (drums his fingers on the desk top for a few seconds) Mr. Miller, what about God?

MILLER (who has been looking at the pictures on the wall): Who?

DR. CUSHMAN (exasperated): God, Mr. Miller, Jehovah, Allah—you know, "Our Father who art in Heaven"?

MILLER (pleased): You like that, huh? I made that up along with all that other religious mumbo-jumbo. I thought it was, you know, one of my more better inspirated ideers.

DR. CUSHMAN (giving up): And the rest of the world?

MILLER: I thought it all up, ever bit. (scratches his head) Only you know, lately I been seein's how screwed up things are, I think mebbe I oughta overhaul that damn machine. Whadda you think, Doc?

DR. CUSHMAN (standing up): I think, Mr. Miller, that we should make some appointments for you to come by and see me. (opens appointment book) How about next—

MILLER (standing up, too): Hell, no, Doc. I **tole** you I ain't crazy! (looks at watch) Holy crap! Sorry to run, Doc, but it's almost two-thirty and I gotta get back and put some gas in that damn machine afore it runs down. Nice talkin' to ya!
(Miller rushes out of the office.)

DR. CUSHMAN (stands for a few seconds shaking his head, then walks over to couch and lays down): Jesus, what a nut.
(From the window comes the sound of screeching tires. The receptionist bursts into the room and runs to the window.)

RECEPTIONIST: Dr. Cushman! Dr. Cushman!

DR. CUSHMAN (tiredly): What it is?

RECEPTIONIST: It's Mr. Miller, Doctor! He's been hit by a car!

DR. CUSHMAN (sitting up): What?!!

RECEPTIONIST (gasps): Oh! Oh!

DR. CUSHMAN (stands): What is it? What is it?

RECEPTIONIST: Doctor, the sun . . . the sun . . .

DR. CUSHMAN: What about the sun?

RECEPTIONIST (turns to face Cushman): It just . . . went out.

(And, one by one, the stage lights wink out until there is only one light on, shining on Dr. Cushman.)

DR. CUSHMAN (scratching his head): Gee, maybe he wasn't crazy, after all.

(Then the last stage light goes out, and all is dark.)

CURTAIN

ONE NIGHT IN THE PLANETARIUM

I sat in the crowded darkness of the planetarium
While pinwheel galaxies and constellations and spiral nebulae
Moved across the universal sky.
I couldn't help thinking of the night
We ran laughing across the earth
Trying to catch shooting stars in a mason jar.

—Kirby McCraney

"Joanna's Hair"



THE DAY MONEY PAID OFF

by Philip Flowers

Cast: MR. MONEY (the answer man)
THE QUESTION MAN
THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER
THE AVERAGE AMERICAN
ROGER MUDDY (news reporter)
JACK CROAK (on the road)

Setting: a small audience of reporters and other interested bystanders facing a podium displaying a large gold dollar sign, backdropped by an impressive but obviously fake wall.

THE QUESTION MAN: (hesitantly) Mr. Money, sir, I ...

THE ANSWER MAN: (confidently) Well boys, no need to be formal here, just call me Bill.

THE QUESTION MAN: Well then, Bill, sir, we all, and I think I can speak for the majority, realize that you are probably best for the job but there seems to be an underlying suspicion that perhaps you may be slightly overvalued as it seems that...

MR. MONEY: Nonsense! Why sure, I've had to spread myself thin at times and now is one, but don't let that cloud the crystal clear facts. Why, where would you be without me?

THE QUESTION MAN: We of course realize how valuable you are and have been to us, but there is still a feeling that you have lost touch with the common man. I mean there are quite a few people that just don't see much of you anymore.

MR. MONEY: (with disgust) Oh, there's always the lazy, uninspired creeps that give me a bad name. I'll make it clear I want nothing to do with them. I keep good care of my own kind though, and I'll vouch for it.

THE QUESTION MAN: We, of course, appreciate this rare interview and your candid replies, but I'd just like to ask...

MR. MONEY: "I have answers for only those who need not ask." My forefathers said that, I believe. Kind of catchy, isn't it?

THE QUESTION MAN: I'm afraid I don't quite follow...

MR. MONEY: Oh, merely being whimsical, but let's get on with it. Time is money, you know. (polite laughter)

THE QUESTION MAN: Oh yes, very funny. There have been rumors spreading through the financial world that your colleagues in Europe have decided to give you a rough time. It doesn't seem as though they value your friendship as much as they once did.

MR. MONEY: Oh, we all have our little problems, even me, but I have heard from reliable sources that the government has come up with a multi-leveled, bi-lateral agreement that should short-

change any major crisis that may arise in the foreseeable future. THE QUESTION MAN: Then you don't foresee any major crisis even within the next ten or so years?

MR. MONEY: Oh, nothing that money can't solve. (hostile laughter)

(An average American thus far having stood to one side now steps forward. Bitterly.)

AVERAGE AMERICAN: Well, let me ask a question that strikes a little closer to home. It seems that you've outspent yourself. I mean your questionable philosophies have hit home even to our children. Why you can't even buy a five cent cup of lemonade anymore! Don't you feel that there is something morally wrong here?

MR. MONEY: (disgusted) Oh, I think you're just making a mountain of change out of a few dollars. Why, inflation is and has been a part of the American way. It helps competition thrive while only quite a few lose out. For those who are so unfortunate, there's help: loan companies, banks, credit cards, well, Lord, I could go on till the next fiscal year. With all the fine services available to everyone, there should be no room for complaint, except of course for those few educated bums that know better.

(The average American retreats, confused.)

THE QUESTION MAN: Well, let me touch on a rather controversial subject. I have heard from reliable sources that you have almost complete control of the government. It's been rumored that you may even control our daily lives.

MR. MONEY: Why yes, it's true that I am quite popular and my name is a common household word, but let's not over-emphasize my importance. You've got to take into consideration the human aspect, which I try to avoid.

(The audience is becoming restless.)

THE QUESTION MAN: I don't quite follow you, I mean that sounds like double talk to me...

MR. MONEY: Oh you're quite right. (fanatically) because the main reason I called this press conference was to announce my Domination of Your Life...

(The press conference is in an uproar, but above it all an innocent bystander rushes the podium and says ...)

INNOCENT BYSTANDER: Why you son-of-a-bitch, you oversized moneybag, I'll, I'll cut right into your profit margin! (Picking up a giant eraser) I'll eradicate you, erase your memory, I'll pull the gold right from under your feet.

(Off to one side an unidentified gentleman calmly burns his check-book, credit cards, which burn a little slow, and other assorted papers.)

INNOCENT BYSTANDER: Suck it up, moneybag, your credit is overdue, your buying power is gone, (photographer lighting a cigar with a fifty) you're out of change, and you'll always be the same.

(With that last remark the innocent bystander gently drops a gold brick on Money's head.)

(Cut to evening news: a small desk and the sound of teletype.)

ROGER MUDDY: Good evening, this is Roger Muddy with the occasional news. I'll try to make this short and sweet. The reported crisis with Russia is over. It's unconfirmed as yet since both governments folded only one hour ago. As for that thrilling assassination of Bill Money, the money magnate, it appears as though most other countries have followed suit and done likewise. One other item of interest: Wall Street was burned to the ground this afternoon amid much cheering and jubilation.

We have a final report from our man on the road, Jack Croak. (Enter Jack in teeshirt and bermuda shorts.)

JACK CROAK: I was out on the road today in Hometown U.S.A. I have here with me a former taxpayer and a member of A.A. (Average American). Sir, could you tell us your feelings about the events of the past few days?

AVERAGE AMERICAN: I... I'm afraid it's just a dream.

(As the curtain closes.)

BABY'S BOTTLE

Yes, that's him, cold as the slab.
Did he die with his bottle?
The water covered him, but not
his bottle.
It figures. Did he have any
money?
It was wrapped up in his bottle.
He crawled away yesterday -
where did you find him?
In the ditch by the chocolate
factory.
Did he have any chocolate?
His M & Ms melted.
He always was a mess. Did the
water clean him?
The water was brown.
Did he drown?
He had chocolate water in his
lungs.
What was the cause of death?
Too many sweets.
My baby! Where did I go wrong?
On Nipple Street by the chocolate
factory.

—Larry W. McDonald

"Only the Shadow"



John Krohn

"Camping Out"

Best of Intaglio



Dave Davis

STARS

Stars.

Have you ever seen one fall?
It streaks across the silvered sky in search of glory
Only to die a quick death amid oceanic fury.

LADY LIFE

When life whispers sweet nothings into your ear
Beware, for that is all she offers for free;
And the bought is not so sweet.

ABORTED

Life demands you add something of your very own,
For if you leave this world without breaking free
Of the pent-sphere of accomplishments past,
It's as if you never came to be.

—Larry Garland

OF THINGS INVISIBLE TO MORTAL SIGHT

by Jim Birchfield

"What is it like, you know, when you first realized that you were blind?" I asked nervously, my heart pounding inside my chest.

"Oh," he began slowly, "it's kind of horrifying. The mental anguish is really excruciating. You kind of fall into a deep depression, crying a lot and just trying to withdraw from it all, you know, just take yourself out of it. Then when the thought really hits you, and it hits really hard, that you'll never see again, it creates a special terror." He stopped and was silent, thinking back to that time, to his initial fears.

"It is a terror that feeds off the fact that you really have no usefulness left at all, nothing to live for," he said. Although I couldn't see his eyes, I knew that he was reflecting on his feelings again as he stopped talking and was quiet again.

"At first you wish you were dead," he said, continuing, "but the longer you live, the more you eventually accept it; you take heart and are glad, at least I was, that I hadn't lost an arm or both arms or legs or something like that. I mean, like, there were dudes in the same ward with me that had lost arms and legs, not just one, but two or three limbs. We got to the point where, since I was the only walking guy around, I would push them around and they would direct me."

As he had been talking, he was facing me, but at six-five, he was looking over my head. He seemed, to me at least, to be as tall as the pines which surrounded us. As we stood in the sun in the middle of a small clearing, I could not help but wish to be just a little taller than five-two, because I was supposed to take care of this guy, and I would need help if I actually had to help him. Then he removed his shirt, and tossed it at me.

"Aren't you afraid you'll get sunburned?" I asked plaintively. As he heard my voice his head lowered some, but he was still gazing above me.

"No, it feels good and I'll move when I begin to feel it, or whenever you ask me to. After all, you are in charge," and he smiled a broad grin, showing off beautifully white teeth. He began to rub his hands slowly up and down his chest and stomach, then over his shoulders and arms, rotating himself before the sun, as if he were basting in an oven.

With his back to me I saw a hideously long scar, stretching from the top of his left shoulder and continuing on down, disappearing into his pants. A chill ran through me, as if someone had just walked over my grave. I wanted to ask him what had

caused that, but I don't like war stories, so I sat still, my back up against one of the pines. He turned again, with his back to the sun now. He had his left hand on his right shoulder, rubbing it gently for a minute, then let his hand drop. The area he had been massaging contained a dark reddish indentation, and my curiosity got the best of me.

"What does it feel like getting shot?"

"Well...it's like running as hard as you possibly can in one direction, when somebody with a baseball bat hits you as hard as he can from the opposite direction. You are the first girl that ever asked me that; why do you want to know?"

"Just because," I said, for lack of a real reason, "and I'm just curious." Again, he seemed to think back, then he continued.

"The first time it happens, you don't know what hit you; but, in a combat situation, with lead flying thicker than mosquitoes, the adrenalin is pumping fast and your natural instincts for survival grab your legs and push you to safety. Then, when you are safe, you either go into shock, or try to find out how bad you are hit."

He paused for a minute, then asked, "Are you sure you want to hear this?"

"Yes, please go on," I answered, not really sure that I did.

"Well, all right, but you asked for it. If you are hit really bad, say in the stomach, or head, shock sets in immediately, and if the corpsman is still alive, or is not busy, then you might have a chance of making it. But I saw a lot of guys never make it because the corpsman usually caught it first."

"Put on your shirt and get out of the sun," I interrupted him, tossing his shirt back, onto his head. I got up as he was putting his shirt back on, and when I reached him, I grabbed his hand and led him to a tree. He felt his way down it until he had his back against it and was sitting down.

I watched him, wondering what was going on behind those sunglasses. I tried to imagine what I would do if I became blind, and although I shut my eyes, it was too easy to open them again and look around at the bright day. My heart began to fill with compassion for this blind giant and, as I sat down, I knew that I could easily talk myself into loving him, wanting to stay with him and care for him the rest of my life. And yet, as I looked at my engagement ring, I knew that he would always suspect my love as being sympathy more than real love and that, in all probability, his suspicions would be correct. My engagement to Andy was based on love, yet I felt a strong urge to love this man also.

"Would you make love to me?" I ventured.

"No," he said flatly.

"I'm serious," I said evenly. I was surprised at myself. I had made love before, but I had never asked for it.

"You are also engaged," he reminded me.

"How did you know that? We only met this morning," I asked.

"I felt the ring when you brought me out here," he shot back. "Don't you love the man you are engaged to?" he asked accusingly.

"Yes, of course, very much, but I..."

"Don't give me any sympathy, lady," he said bluntly. "I don't need it, I don't want it, and I won't take it. All I want is a friendly person to talk with me and help me around." Then, guiding himself up the tree, he stood up.

"Come on, take me back," he said, scolding me. I sat very still, ashamed at myself for what I had wanted to do, my eyes filling with tears.

Getting up, I walked over to him and took his hand and began leading him up to his grandfather's house. Tears were falling now, and I couldn't stop them, nor could I offer myself any good reasons as to why I had done what I did. "This is like a bad story from **Love Secrets**," I told myself.

Half way up to the house, he took his hand out of mine and I thought "the ultimate rejection. He doesn't even want me to guide him any more." But then he placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Don't cry. Listen, it has happened to me before and I know why you did it. Women are natural born mothers and protectors of hurt animals or someone who seems to need protecting or mothering. So come on, dry up, no one except us will ever know what happened, okay?"

"Okay," I answered, drying up a bit. But then I thought of Andy and I was ready to cry again.

"Dammit, why do I have to be such a cry baby?" I demanded of myself. He broke into a big laugh, and by the time we reached his front yard, I was almost laughing with him, but I don't know why.

As we approached the house, Mom and Dad came out the front door followed by Mr. Lee, his grandfather. My parents had known Mr. Lee since their childhood days and this was the first chance they had to visit him since their marriage.

"What's all the laughing about?" Dad asked.

"Private joke," he said, protecting me.

"Carole, what's wrong with your eyes? You look as if you've been crying." Good ole Mom, never misses a thing.

"Not her," he said. "It's just this bright sun and this dryness and dust. It takes a while to get used to it."

"You all set to go, Carole?" asked Dad. "We've still got a ways to go before we get to Andy's."

"Yessir," I answered.

As Mom and Dad and Mr. Lee walked toward the car, he and I stayed behind, walking slowly.

"Well, take care of yourself, and have a good time at Andy's. Tell him I think that he'll do good, because he'll have a good woman behind him." He said all of this in a very sincere voice, and I felt as if I were going to bust out crying again.

"Come down here, to my level," I said, struggling to keep from choking. As he bent over from the waist, with his hand on my shoulder, I kissed him on the cheek. He straightened up quickly and blushed.

"Goodbye," I said, still struggling, and turned quickly, afraid to stay any longer.

"Goodbye, Carole," came from behind me as I walked briskly over to the car. Mom and Dad were still saying goodbye to Mr. Lee as I got in the back seat. I quickly put on my sun glasses and sat very still. Mom and Dad finished, got in the car, and I said goodbye to Mr. Lee.

As we drove away, I turned and looked back. Mr. Lee was leading his grandson back to the house, and to this day, I can still picture the old gentleman leading his tall grandson towards the big white house, sitting on a hill amid the towering forests of Georgia pines.

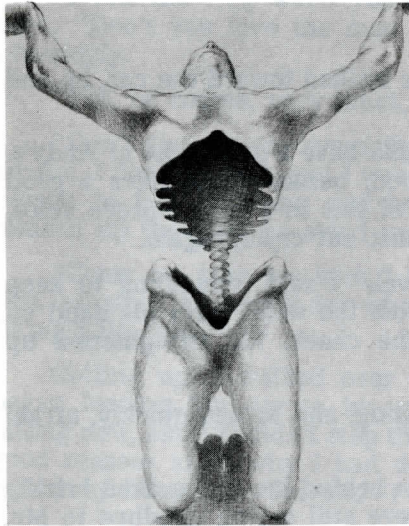
"Retrospect"



Doug Mokaren

"AAAUGH"

Best of Pen and Ink



John L. White

ABOVE THE WATERFALL

We stand on the bank and
stare
Into the crystal black night
Of eternity
While the rush of our lives
Sweeps past our gaze
In a tumbling roar
Down to the stream of chaos.
—Jeanne Wells

ICICLES

Would you believe a thing so
fragile,
Sparkling, pure and clear,
Could also be so pointed and
so cold?

Icicles, icicles, all in a row,
All through the day I've
watched you grow.
Right down to the ground is
the course you make;
That one way out you'll have
to take.

Within your form you have
captured Beauty at her
best.
But this I know: Beauty flees
as time flows.

—Larry Garland

LIVING OVER THE STEREO SAWMILL

When Hemingway lived over a sawmill in Paris during the
Twenties

He had to work hard to get his writing done.
When I read that he would be upstairs writing
While all his friends were drinking downtown
I found a certain amount of solace in it.
Writing always demands solitude and paying attention
To the echoes of mankind screaming and laughing
Somewhere off in the distance.
I wonder if it was as hard for him to not hear the tinkling glasses
Coming from the Montmartre cafes
As it is for me to try and not hear the laughter and music
Going full blast downstairs...

—Kirby McCraney

One-Act Play

HJERNE SPIND

by Emily Edwards

CAST

GANARY A. STONECIPHER: A Student

CONNIE: Cafe Owner

SHIRLEY: Waitress

L. A. FATS: Former resident of the town. Just back from Los Angeles

CHUBBY: Young student and sidekick to L. A. Fats (hefty girl)

STRANGER IN A TWEED COAT

ASSORTED CUSTOMERS OF THE CAFE: Students, truck drivers, etc.

The scene opens, showing a small, rectangular cafe. There is a juke box and a cigarette machine at one end of the cafe. At the other end there are two doors: one labeled "Lad—s" and the other labeled "Gentlemen." Down the length of the cafe is a long counter. Part of the front side of the counter is lined with booths, and the other side is lined with stools. On top of the counter is a display of pies and cakes; behind the counter is a small grill, display of cereal boxes, a Coca-Cola dispenser, an ice cream dispenser, and other small cafe paraphernalia. In the center of the counter, behind the cash register, sits the lord and master of the cafe, a round greasy Buddha named Connie. His mountainous body in a dirty, white apron, Connie sleepily picks his face or rearranges Dentine packages. Lights are brought up slowly to half way, revealing Connie and Shirley, the waitress, one customer purchasing an after-dinner mint and about to exit. A hazy-edged spot is brought down upon Ganary Stonecipher, who is standing at the entrance of the cafe.

STONECIPHER: This is Connie's twenty-four hour cafe. A wonder of supply! Why, according to the menu, a person can have his pick from a multitude of fine dishes. Few people, however, come to Connie's for a regular meal. Connie's customers come when other restaurants are closed, and they come mostly to drink coffee and to rap. Located a few blocks from the college, between the U-Pump-It gas station and the Sleepy Bear Motel, the grill receives an odd hour deluge of college students, truckers, wayfaring strangers, and assorted restless folk searching for the night life of this quiet, southern town.

That man there is Connie, the owner of the cafe. He'll kick you out for playing cards "in his establishment." The

waitress is Shirley: she's a pretty decent sort. It was rumored once that she had been jilted by a sailor, and that she had his name tattooed over her breast. But it is also rumored that she has a battleship tattooed on her ass. No one really believes either story.

Those people over there are students: why, I have that boy in one of my classes. Yes, the cafe is a kind of heritage to a certain sect of college student...these are the poets, and actors, and artists, and confused Bohemians that passionately involve themselves with principles rather than practice. We come nearly every night with our humane and literary politics, our revelations, gossip, Pall Malls and unfiltered Camels, to lose the hours in meaningful chatter over a cup of coffee. Yes, Connie's is a nice place to hang out.

Whow, here comes Chubby and L. A. Fats.

(Lights are brought up full. The spot fades out. Ganary enters the cafe, followed closely by Chubby and L. A. Fats.)

L. A. FATS: Evenin', Ganary...Howdy, Connie.

CONNIE: Evenin'.

CHUBBY: Sure is gittin' cold out.

GANARY: Why, it's colder than a witch's t....

CHUBBY: Wuzzat, Gan?

GANARY: Nothing.

(Ganary joins some friends seated at booth three; Chubby and L. A. Fats amble over to booth one and sit down. Shirley comes to their booth, gives the table one circular swipe with a damp cloth, and plops down two glasses of water that are iceless.)

SHIRLEY: What'll it be, fellahs? Wanna menu?

CHUBBY: Whata you going to have?

L. A. FATS: I don't know.

CHUBBY: I guess that coffee can't be too fattening.

SHIRLEY: Come on, I don't have all night.

L. A. FATS: But coffee wouldn't be too good for my kidneys.

CHUBBY: Well, you could have hot milk...or hot chocklate?

SHIRLEY: What'll it be: What'll it be?

L. A. FATS: I guess it'll be hot chocklate.

SHIRLEY: O. K. You know you gotta make it yourself?

L. A. FATS: No, I didn't know I'd have to make it myself.

SHIRLEY: It's the kind you mix with hot water. It's good though. It's Carnation.

L. A. FATS: Well, as long as it's Carnation...

SHIRLEY: One coffee and one hot chock comin' up!

(There is a brief time lapse, One of the students from Stonecipher's table puts on the juke box. OUR D*I*V*O*R*C*E*)

SHIRLEY: (returning with two cups of coffee) There ya are.

(She sloshes the coffee on the table.)

(L. A. Fats looks at his coffee, then looks reproachfully up at Shirley. Chubby is blotting her coffee with a napkin under the cup.)

SHIRLEY: Oh, oops. I was supposed to bring you hot chocklate, wasn't I? (Sighing heavily and elaborately wiping her brow) I guess I'll havta take it back now.

L. A. FATS: Oh no, don't take it back. I'll drink the coffee. It's only kidneys after all.

(Shirley exits to kitchen.)

CHUBBY: If you put lots of milk into it maybe it won't be so bad on the kidneys. I drink my coffee black...so here, have my milk! (Throws triangle of cream to L. A. Fats.)

L. A. FATS: You know, that reminds me of a film I saw while I was still in Los Angeles.

CHUBBY: Yeah?

L. A. FATS: It was about this guy that sold donuts for a living.

CHUBBY: Yeah.

L. A. FATS: Actually he sold donuts and coffee. You see, he had this little shop.

CHUBBY: Hummhummm.

L. A. FATS: It seems he was off from work one day, and he was out driving in his station wagon. It seems that while he was out jaunting about, he took a wrong turn and ended up on a top secret missile base. All of a sudden his car was surrounded by fifteen official cars, forcing him to come to an abrupt halt. Men in plain clothes pulled him out of his car, frisked him, and started asking him questions:

"Whata ya doin' here, Buddy?"

"Scuse me, mister. I musta took a wrong turn somewhere."

"We'll see about that!"

And they whisk him off to a large interrogation room. It was one of those rooms that police are always interrogating people in. In the center of the room was a chair with two large, intense fresnels trained upon it. The plain clothes men strapped the poor coffee vendor into the chair, spotting the light from the fresnels upon his face so that it made

two burning holes of his eyes, and caused him to sweat profusely.

CHUBBY: Yeah?

L. A. FATS: Then the fifteen men began the interrogation. At the peak of the interrogation, when the coffee vendor was writhing in his chair screaming "I didn't do it, honest fellahs! I didn't do it," there was a knock at the door. A tiny little old lady came in wheeling a tea cart. "Tea, gentlemen?" she asked in her crackling little-old-lady soprano. "Yeah, I'll have a cup, miss. Two lumps." "What about the gentleman in the center chair? Would you like a cup of tea, sir?" "Later," said the coffee vendor, and the little, old lady wheeled the tea cart with its silver tea service out the door.

The men began again with the interrogation. Once again they were reaching a peak, with the coffee vendor yowling in agony, "Honest, guys, I didn't mean to do nuthin!" when suddenly there was a loud rap on the door!

(L. A. Fats knocks loudly upon the table to illustrate his point.)

And in rushed a man who was visibly upset.

"Good Lord, save us!" he cried!

"The reactor has malfunctioned! We're going up in flames!"

And, hey ho! the fifteen officials began to rush around, scrambling for the door, spilling the tea and cursing loudly. "Hey you sonoabitch, outta my way! Goddam chair!" They left the poor coffee vendor strapped to his chair, while all around flames were erupting, and the building was falling. About that time the little old lady with the tea service came back wheeling her little cart. "Tisk, tisk, tisk! These gentlemen always leave this room in a mess." She began to straighten up the room, picking up the chair that had been knocked over in the wild rush for the door, emptying ash trays and collecting cups of tea. She untied the coffee vendor.

"Would you care for your tea now, young man?" "No thank you Mam," said the coffee vendor politely, and he began to make his escape.

Across the burning landscape he ran. While the earth shook and trembled with the explosions of the base, at times he was forced to the ground by the terrible blasts. At times he had to crawl his way across the burning landscape, through barbed wire fences, until finally, torn, burned, and bleeding, he found his way to a small country church. For a moment he groveled at the church door, then, on his elbows and knees, he inched his way into the sanctuary. There, with his head resting upon a Baptist hymnal, he collapsed, pillowing his body on the hard, wooden pew.

When he awoke, it was in the dim light of evening shining through stained glass. "Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, help me stand..." He looked up into the soft, round face of the minister's wife.

"Please, hehhh cough, please," he croaked. "There's been a terrible accident. I need help." And the minister's wife unbuttoned her blouse, and gave him suck.

(L. A. Fats held up the unopened triagle of cream that Chubby had thrown across the table to him.)

When you said, "Here, have my milk," it reminded me of that movie. My mind works that way.

CHUBBY: Incredible!

(Shirley enters with a pot of coffee.)

SHIRLEY: More coffee?

L. A. FATS: Why not, it's only kidneys.

CHUBBY: Sure.

(A squatty man in a tweed coat enters the cafe.)

MAN: (whistling softly) Weeyow! It's cold as a witch's tit out there! Feels like it's almost a-hundredet below. Hey, sugarpie! hows about bringing me a cup of coffee?

SHIRLEY: Comin' up.

(LIGHTS FADE END OF PLAY)

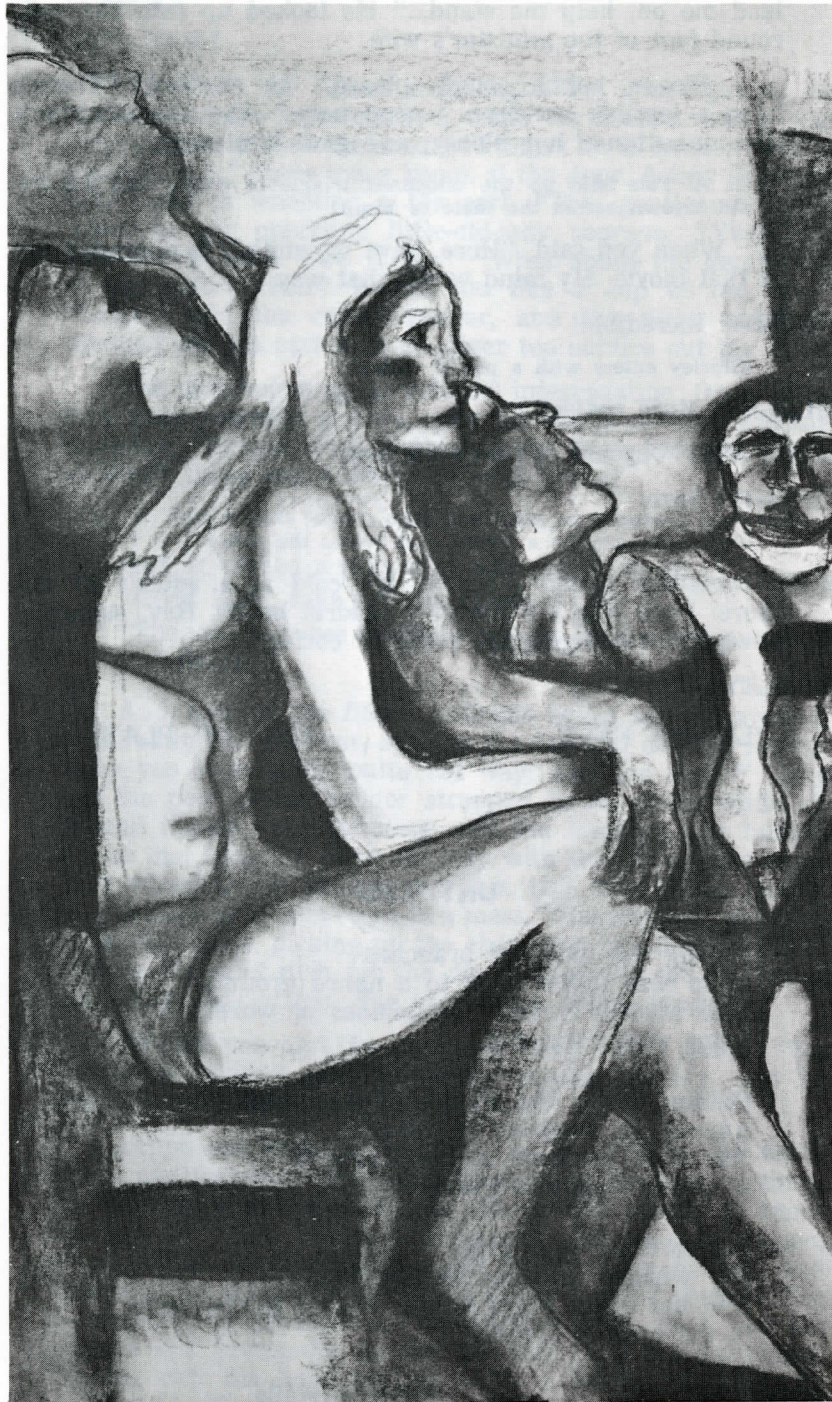
UNTITLED

Among the mesh of branches
Crisp sere leaves drop to a naked ground.
Like wisdom fallen from masses of words
Lying silent and still.

Hidden within the silence of the woods
Among the shadows of limbs
The wind whispers to the leaves in
A veil of words to the deaf.

But to those who listen
Her whisper whistles on the wind
And her chant plays quietly among naked limbs
In the hush of serenity.

—Jeanne Wells



Cheryl Orman

SEEING, SILENT WORLD

Seeing, silent world,
What holdest thou within thy vision?
A truth so profound that it stealthily glides slowly past
The acknowledgement of inquiring man?

Oh, but that man could partake
Of the fruits of your existence
And be filled with the light of your wisdom,
That he might recognize the magnitude
Of the brilliance of his own being.
And your burden of omnipotence...

—Susan C. French

ALMAN 650

Richard Scott had been panning gold up in the North Georgia mountains
For so long that he didn't even know that Dwane Alman had wiped himself
Out on a cycle down in Macon.
"It happened months ago," I told him. We were sitting by the fireplace
Of the place I had in the woods. He was drinking coffee.
I was breaking down two pounds of just dried homegrown.
"The ultimate gig," he intoned, looking into the fire. "I'll bet he's
Playing electric harp on some cloud right now."
"Sure," I answered, weighing out the first lid. "It's probably being
Recorded by Muscle Shoals over in Alabama too."
Richard sat stroking his blond beard, watching me fill up the baggies.
"He's probably tooling around Heaven on some kind of celestial bike."
I laughed and said, "Of course. Probably an Alman 650."

—Kirby McCraney

POEM NO. 1

My eyes can see now
More than before!
They see a business-minded bawd
Scolding her whore.
Poor service cannot be tolerated,
And lazy workers must be obliterated.

Control the flood of perversion
Dam it till only a trickle seeps through.
Then smile haughtily in the midst of success
While people yearn for something to do.
Perversion cannot be tolerated,
So mankind must be obliterated.

—Daniel Watkins

CREATIONS

Yesterday the world leaped to life,
Complete with fanfare and twenty-one gun salute.
But just the same as life left today,
A great breath of relief was expired.

But isn't life strange? Plans are already made
For the next debut:
And anticipation grows as the time nears.
Now, what do you suppose He's trying to do?

—Larry Garland

A NATURAL INSTINCT?

A crispy overdone moth fell
from a ceiling light.
He never caught the lightning
or flew in darkened skys
until his eyes caught the brightness
and his wings beat the scorching air.
A crispy overdone moth fell
from a ceiling light
and others beat the air, winging their way
until someone turned out the light.

—Larry McDonald

"Bethal Springs"



Mary Nicely

FLOWERS TURN THEIR HEADS

Flowers turn their heads to the light
while man sometimes stares at darkness.
Grasses bend with the wind—
A man becomes a martyr.
Trees that grow the slowest
linger longer after death.
The paper for the immortal man
is the harvest of the growers.

—Larry McDonald

CHANTS OF RENASCENCE

The harlequin sighed and rowed ashore
He quit the sea, never quit before.
He laughed and said that to begin
We live in darkness and it's a sin.
"I leave to search the universe
To find the one who set this curse.
The things which make men cry
Lastly causing them to die."
He turned to the sea and bade adieu.
Left with, "I'll return to enlighten you."

Time faded on, he reappeared,
His face was scarred by speechless fear.
And upon the once smiling face,
Sadness had all happiness replaced.
I called to him, I viewed his woe,
Knew fearful deeds had changed him so.
From jovial jester, filled with mirth,
To cynic, a questioner of his worth.
He spoke at last in somber tone
An icy sea breeze which chilled my bones.

"I've delved into the sacred depths
Man was never meant to see.
Found answers to unasked things,
But I've also lost the key.
I tried to change what I could not change
And things I could, I did not see.
I could not see the differences.
I tried, but failed, to just be free.
The specters I was sure I'd find
Were gone, despite my call.
All the sights which did appear
Were factors in my fall.
From joyfulness to deep despair,
I tumbled, sudden, unaware."
He fell now into silence, muttered words but few.
In some forbidden language, none other but him knew.

Sighing soft he sat himself
Upon a massive stone.
Then he began to speak again,
Timeless wisdom, evidence of times alone.
Also, each word, scarcely heard above the seaside din.

"Ah, from streams of joyfulness,
That wondrous path, I've strayed.
Life itself was not improved.

For curiosity, happiness I paid.
Grasping for the truth, I ventured forth
To find the promised, perfect life.
But stumbled on the rocky path of despair,
Of misery, pain, and strife.
Thus my life is wasted,
The fatal die is cast.
Useless now will seem my life,
As useful seemed my past."
He screamed insane to the ocean trail,
Settling again, he seemed so frail.
There he sat upon the stone
Gazing, immobile, on the sea.
Neither eye, nor muscle, in him moved,
On a painful mental odyssey.
For ages long, thus he sat,
The clock it brought no change.
Somewhere deep within his soul
His life he sought to rearrange.

Then his gaze returned my way,
As did a twinkle in his eye.
Quoth he, "There are now some other deeds
To conquer ere I die.
Even though pains may rule my life
I'll bear them as best I may.
To do things which are useful,
To say what I must say.
As each other person, I do my best
To live my life by reason.
Live on despite adversity,
In everything, in every season.
Man lives, man dies, do what you can
And always strive to understand."

A reawakened mind had set him free.
He turned and again spoke to the sea
And sang a song that lasted days.
Then took a fragile boat, he sailed into the haze.

I watched, I knew in my soul
That he at least had been made whole.
But for me his words had done no good
Although I'd greatly hoped they would.
I knew that I must seek for myself
The reservoirs where he found his wealth.
So now I rise, I soon depart
For on my journey I've yet to start.

—Gregory Hill

A NEW KIND OF LOVE

Our love is like the wings of a bird,
Free,
Soaring into the heavens.
Our joy filling the universe.
Our love is silence,
After the roaring of passion.
Listening to each other's pipe-dreams,
Philosophizing to each other,
Hearing each other's disappointments,
Soothing each other's aches.
And because of our love
Our combined wisdom can solve
The problems of the world.
Giving completely,
Asking for nothing.

Our love is like the wings of a butterfly,
Free without restraint,
Going from flower to flower,
Finding only beauty where we rest
For all our moments are a field of flowers.

Our love is like finding shelter in
A sudden storm.
For within each other's arms
The outside world fades.
Some people's love is like that of the
Wings of a June bug
With that fatal string tied on its leg.
Their strings are made up of
Bands of gold . . .
Bonds, mortgages, requirements, duties,
Expectations and commitments.
And finally they break their love
By pulling the string too tight.

Our love has no ending
Because we will not tie a string
On each other's heart.
We are free to fly,
Free to go.
Free to return,
Free to continue.
Free to end.
And in this freedom
Even ending will be like a bird
Soaring into the sunset,
Leaving a beautiful image on the mirrors of our mind.

—Doris G. Cox

AUGUSTUS' EVE-SONG

A. D. 1973

Florence Alabama front porch sittin' on the swing
katydid summer evenin'
Bugs in the trees singin' their evesong
everybody on their front porches
(in the foreground a swept clean walk....)
"How you, this evenin'?"
"Oh, tol'able....."

Old man and old dog old front porch
oldtimer remnants of the past reflected in cloudy eyes and
white almost gone hair....
if you look hard enough,
if you coaxed him out of the shady recesses of the porch
into the sun,
you can see old murky images of the past
reflected on his shiny bald pink pate....

—Thomas P. Greer

"Silhouette"



David Chambers

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

When I was a child,
I stood in a corner
and felt the earth turn.
It made me dizzy.
But my grandmother told me
I couldn't feel the earth turn.

I no longer stand and feel.

When I was a child,
I told my cousin
That I liked to sit alone in the
quiet...
and think how tiny I was
Compared to the sky...
And who I was.

But she said she knew who
she was.

She was Belinda.

I no longer look inside myself
and question.

I could yell loud enough
That my parents, who were
far away,
Could hear me.
But he said no one could yell
that loud.

I no longer call out. Who can
hear?

When I was a child,
I knew that if I walked far
enough,
I could touch the sky.
But someone told me
No one can touch the sky...

I no longer reach up or
dream.

God, can these things be
true?

—Deborah Conner

When I was a child,
I asked my grandfather if

EX-HOME DEATH

White ancient paint
clings helpless to
two stories high
Front porch deserted and dirty
Dingy white door nailed shut...
Square columns cracked and crazed....
Windows fogged and obscured by
old house dust
Broken windows—sharp shards
of glass reside in window frames
old bathtub crouched on small
white feet...

The door will yield;
columns will be relieved of
their burden;
the stairway will soon lead
to sweltering hot august laborer's afternoon
—huddle of demolition men plotting
a dismembered fate—wrecking bars
gleaming in the sun

—Thomas P. Greer

Third Prize: Poetry

PANDORA'S STRANGER

by Emily Edwards

I saw his reflection through the pane,
As he stepped out of his limousine,
And ambled through my flower beds,
Brushed aside the tiny buds,
And stopped before my secret door.

Tightly in his hand he gripped
A box, in which I know not what
Precious plastic he had to sell,
Or religious visions he had brought,
Or perhaps a summons hid inside?
(What good or evil did he hide?)

His body wore an average suit;
His face was blank as a face could be;
Firm as water at my door he stood,
While I hid quietly as I could,
(I wondered what he might want with me?)

He raised his hand, a fist was made,
And heavily upon my door was laid
Three times, and the bell rang long:
I crouched down beneath the pane,
So he could not see that I was home.

He shifted his body and coughed once,
And let his hand fall to his side;
He waited for a moment or a year,
While I stayed silent, crouching there,
I thought it best to hide.

Once again the rapping sound
Pierced the door with a hollow ring
Three times; I hoped I was not found,
And I huddled curiously
Beneath the glass, lest he spy me.

Then the stranger cupped his hand,
And 'round his eyes he fixed a shade
To block out the evening sun,
So he might take a look inside,
To see if someone was at home.

He did not see me hiding there,
Though he looked a year or more;
He turned around, walked to his car,
Carrying his square, black store,
He left my useless, secret door.

I never saw inside the box;
I never asked the stranger's name;
And though I watch the painful road,
I know He will not come again.

A COUPLE OF POEMS TO MY FRIEND RICHARD SCOTT

Richard Scott is a friend I have not written in a while
So I decided to write him a couple of poems.
I got the idea from an octagon-shaped styrofoam container
Which came from the science department and at one time
A bottle of 10% stannous fluoride, 450 ml. mercury free.
The first poem is entitled WARNING ONE and goes like this:

Strong reducing agent.
In case of external contact
Flush with plenty of water
For fifteen minutes.

The second, WARNING TWO, goes like this:

If taken internally
Call a physician.

Now realizing that there is a strong possibility
He might be stoned when he read them,
I included two more poems more easily understood,
The first being a sort of surrealistic life ring
Thrown to him upon his collision
With the psyche irrelevance of Salvador Dali which goes:

THANK GOD THE ICEBURG OF 1931 HAS MELTED AT LAST

Are you a member of my universe
Or of my earth perhaps?
Is there a place where you could sit and watch
The ice-blue veil protrude
And drape itself upon the crystal plane,
Or watch the stately white glide by on crystal green
And disappear into the gray unseen?

And the second, based upon our mutual, unspoken sadness
When we heard about the breakup of the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

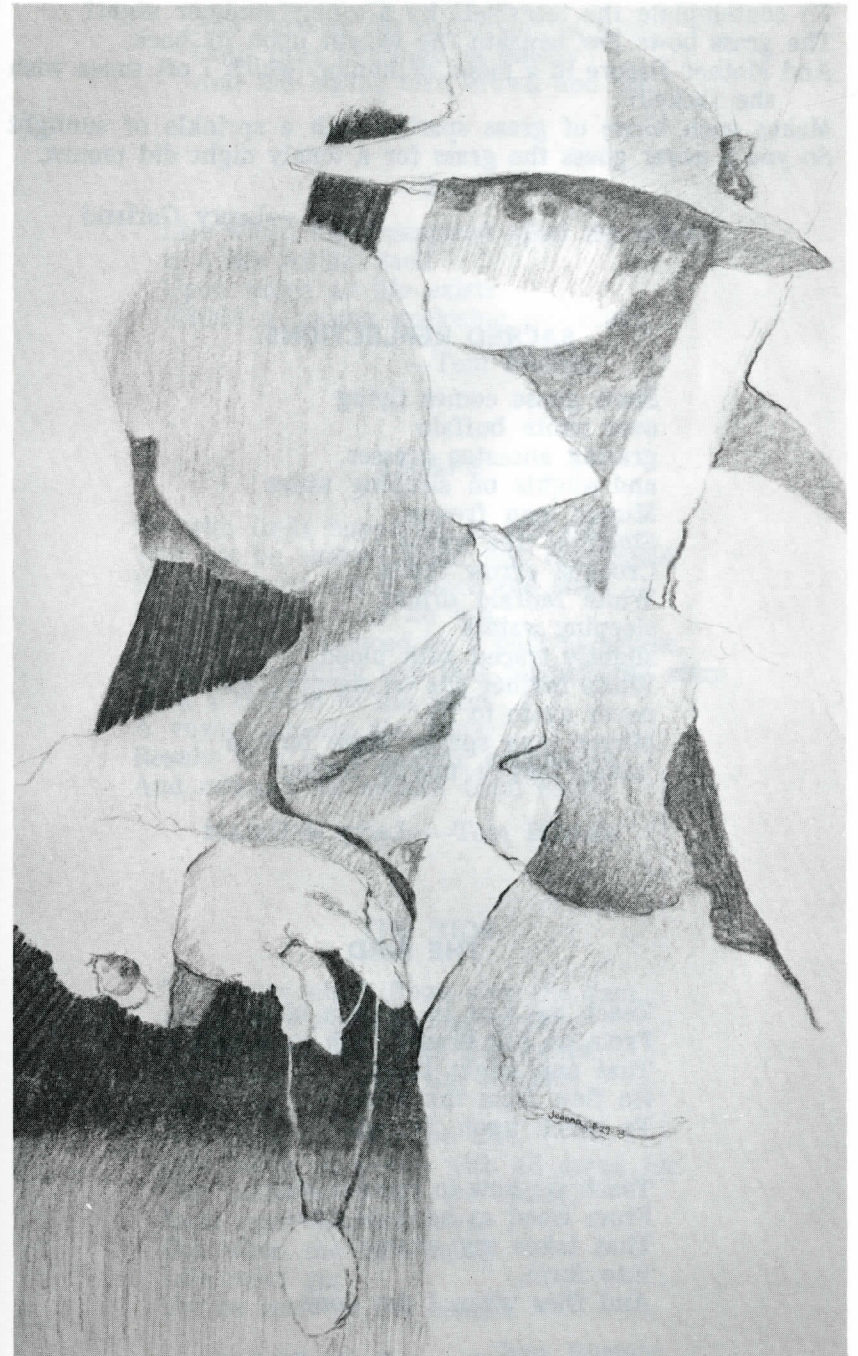
LIKE A NEW FOUND QUARTZ FORMATION IN THE SMOKIES

My mind is searching for a place to land,
An asteroid, or white and silent moon perhaps.
A place where it can meditate in peace.
A place where it can grow,
This thought crystal of the universe...

—Kirby McCraney

"The Locket"

Best of Representational Charcoal



Joanna Watkins

FROM A NIGHT LOST TO LOVERS

Have you ever stopped on a cool summer morn
To contemplate the tears left by a lonely summer night?
The grass bows low beneath the weight upon its back,
And Mother Nature in a mood of humor (which I oft times wish
she lacked)
Makes each blade of grass sparkle with a sprinkle of sunlight
So you'd never guess the grass for a lonely night did mourn.

—Larry Garland

SACRED REFLECTIONS

Snow goose comes flying
over white buffalo
grazing ancestor grasses,
and alights on sleeping water.
Mirror man frowns,
Stooping tree waves,
Crooked arrow thuds.
White buffalo drinks
sleeping waters
slightly traced with blood.
White feather sits on sleeping water
never again to fly.
Mirror man spares white buffalo
'cause they're mostly brown.

—Larry McDonald

THE BIRD

Teach me how to carve a bird
From an oak branch with such skill,
That one might think
He flew from the wood
To perch upon the sill.

Teach me how to carve a bird
From wood as hard as stone,
That takes my energy
Into form,
And flies when I am done.

—Emily Edwards

—1—

Leaves, like Life,
Grow green and strong
And harbour the metaphors of time;
Until time becomes its enemy
And the leaves turn brown and die.

—2—

Life which has transpired upon my mind
Is a life within itself
Upon which all life exists
Within a cocoon enclosing my mind.

—Tom Bilstein

ESCAPE

He who finds happiness in the stars
Will not be content upon just this world.
He will reach out to touch the stars
By whatever means he has.
From a trip produced by a puff of smoke,
To a far reaching trip that reaches the stars
With a capsule to the mind.
A voyage among the stars
Results in a mind-bending experience,
And releases his bounds from earth.

—Tom Bilstein

THE TIDE

The water which flows over the dam,
Flows in a never-ending stream;
A stream in which all life exists.
Life comes in with the current,
Flows its eddy,
And goes out with the tide.
Life comes in gentle with all cared for.
The turmoils of life are lonely,
Each man does his own.
But when the tide calls,
Life must go;
For he can't be left behind.

—Tom Bilstein

Love once conquered and lost,
Afraid to love again
Within one's self,
And no way out;
What Hell!

—Tom Bilstein

REWORDED REPLY

"Why do you sit by your shallow rivers
All your whole life long?
Why contemplate the stagnant waters?
Why sit here all alone?"

"Get up and hear the professor's words
His wisdom rumbling deep;
Get up! get up! there are books to read
And write, and appointments
You must keep!"

And I replied as William did
An age and a half ago
To the voices that did prick my ear,
And accuse me so.

"You need not shove book and pen at me,
Nor point an accusing finger;
For it is only in passive wisdom
That by the water I still linger.

I am gathering still
I must feel before I cry;
So I seek by the water hushed
As it slowly surges by.

My books shall sleep upon the shelf,
Or for others they might be singing,
But I shall stay by stagnant waters
And silently I shall be dreaming

While all around the professors talk,
And young pens make reply,
I shall sit in passive wisdom,
And dream until I die."

—Emily Edwards



Robert Hester

SUCH A SILENT SOUNDING DAY

Such a silent sounding day
One wouldn't expect to find
In winter's slippery grasp.

Each life-scene is encircled
With ice, making frost-
framed prints
Of Master Nature's genius.

The grey sky above echoes
The blue-white blanket be-
low,
Each wrinkled where wind
has blown.

Snow muffles that stirring
wind
As it slides atop the ice,
Stopping in a drift at last.

I stand here alone and breathe
The pure sight and sound-
lessness
Of peace and purpose and
life.

—Larry Garland

BLUE JEAN ANGEL

When I see you on campus dressed one day in something
From New York and the next in something from Boston,
I know you must dream of Heaven as a place where angels
Fly around in T-shirts and blue jeans all day.

—Kirby McCraney

RAISE YOUR HEAD, HOLD IT HIGH

Raise your head, hold it high.
Count the eyes filled with gleam.
They deserved — you did die
Under that guillotine.

AUTUMN LEAVES

The leaves have left us and the grass is gone.
The hibes are hidden and the flocks have flown.
The wind is wild and the fires do flicker.
The time has passed for the apple picker.

—Larry Garland

FARMER'S SUPPLEMENT

The rotten post lies on the green of the other side.
Rusted wire breaking, but clinging,
holds to keep a purpose.
Nearby, the green stops abruptly, outlining
the rainbow flashing blacktop.
There lies the broken Hindu god
across the broken fence.
A bucket rolls on muddy, barren ground.
Hands that often grasped the teat
hang limp beside worn Dee Cees.
The weathered farmer entrenched against the
ever coiling snake
watches Betsy lying dead.
A hungry cat licks the empty pail.

—Larry McDonald

OAK

Hide me, green while you are;
Help me grow in the sun until it is covered.
Rock me in the wind while the smell is green;
Cleanse me with a leaf-strained rain.
Cover me when we mall.

—Larry McDonald

"Perfect Peace"

Best of Representational Photography



Neil Norton Jones

SONNET

Come, let us love until the morning light
Steals from us
The embrace of night.

Come, let us love until the morning breeze
Sweeps the sky
Of webs night did weave.

Come, let us love until the morning veil
Drapes the night
And dark passion pales.

Come, let us love until the morning sun
Finds us two
Where once we were one.

With night, in passion we merge our souls
With light, we pull toward opposite poles.

—Nancy Beard

HAVE YOU READ THE SUNSET?

Have you read the sunset?
Have you read the rainbow?
All God's creatures tell their story,
Do you take the time to read?
Jesus knew his father.
He read his book
When he was alone
He knew where to look.
God made it simple for Moses to read.
You keep the Bible holy.
The written word is easy to read.
The flood was written in the clouds
but only Noah could read.
Then came the rainbow as God's poetry.

—Larry McDonald

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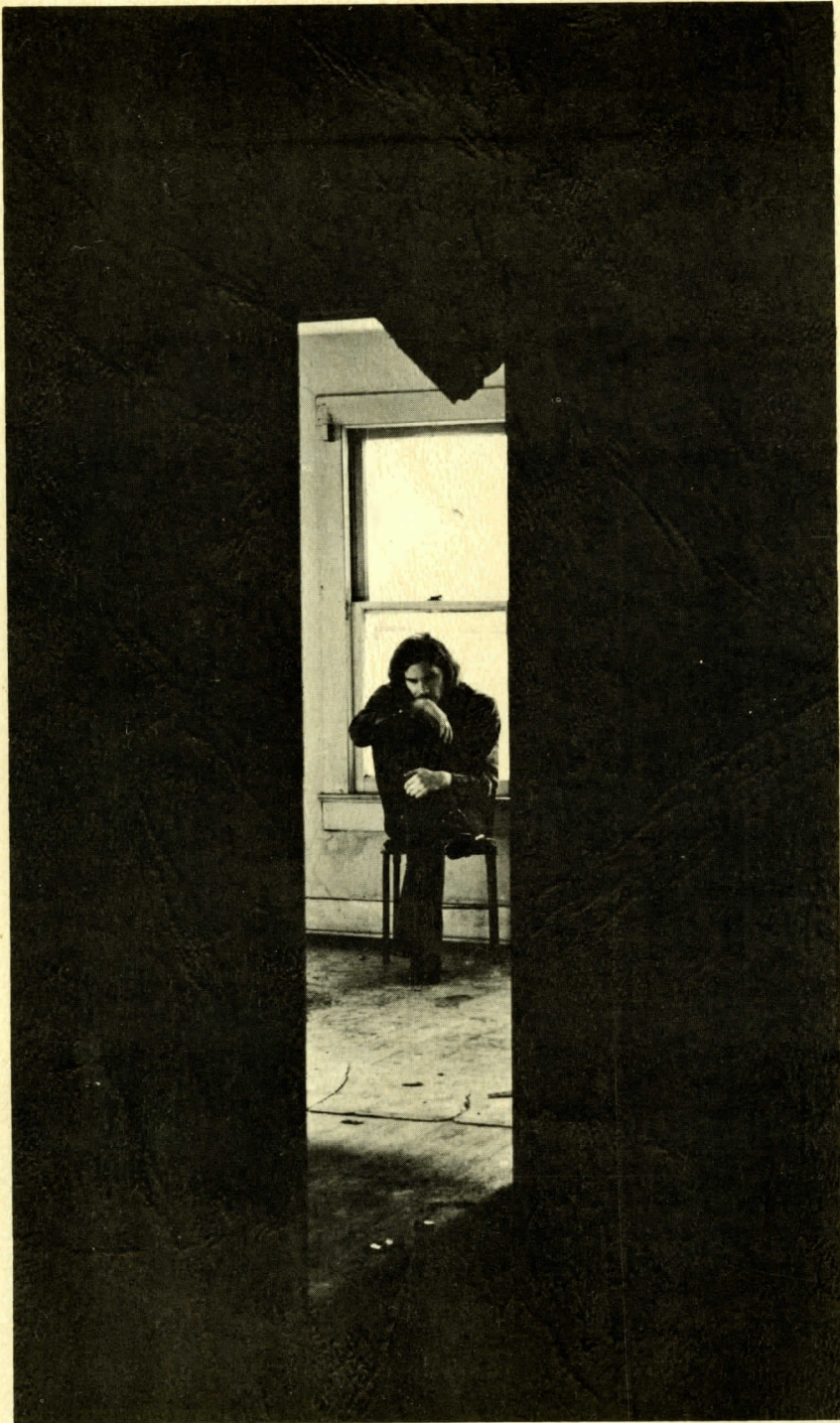
"Exotic Dancer"

Over-all FIRST PRIZE



Joanna Watkins

"Self Portrait"



#10

T. P. Greer